

## A Dying Testimony.

Wending her way every sabbath to a School on the west end of London might have been seen a young girl named Mary Jane Howes. Attached in no common degree to both her teachers and fellow scholars, nothing but sickness ever kept her away from school. Naturally of an obedient and kind disposition, she was never known to tell a lie. But with all this natural amiability, the great change which alone fits the soul for an entrance into the kingdom of heaven had never taken place in the young heart. She had often been touched—awakened by the Holy Spirit to feel her need of this great salvation, but had neglected to seek it with all her heart. Her last sickness was brought on by what appeared at first to be only a slight cold. As other symptoms followed, her mother took her to the doctor, who pronounced her case to be dangerous, advising that she should keep her bed. She became rapidly worse and being alarmed, her parents sent for one of the agents of the mission, Mr. Garland. By her bedside, he prayed for her with great fervor and early on the following morning repeated his visit. At night she became so much worse that they sent for him for they feared she was dying. No one had told her of her danger, and Mr. Garland requested all except her mother to leave the room. He then asked her if she thought her end was near, and if she felt prepared to meet her God. When the awful danger of her case dawned upon her, she exclaimed, "No, I am not prepared to meet my God; but I am not dying. I hope soon to recover, and be a help to my dear mother."

Mr. Garland then told her that to all appearance, she would be in the world of spirits before many hours had passed, and urged her to seek the mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am not fit to die; I am not converted; I can't die!"

Seeing her great distress her visitor kept pointing her to Jesus, praying with her most earnestly, the impression all the time deepening of her awful danger, repeating to her the gracious invitation, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He left her for a little while. When he departed she looked at him with a look of agony and despair and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Garland! my soul! my poor soul! I am unprepared for death and judgment." Despair seemed to have settled on her soul and was depicted on her countenance. It was heartrending to hear her groans and see her tears.

After awhile she asked those present to sing the hymn beginning:

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,  
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save."

When they had sung the whole through she said, "O, sing it again." While they were singing the second verse:

"Though they are slighting him, still he is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive,  
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently,  
He will forgive if they only believe."

despair yielded to faith and with a joyful smile she exclaimed, "Jesus loves me, I can believe, I am saved, saved, saved through the blood of the Lamb! My sins are all forgiven. I can die now. Jesus is mine, I am his; Hallelujah!" She now desired all present to join in singing:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast,  
There by his love o'ershadowed,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels  
Born in a song to me,  
Over the field of glory  
Over the Jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast,  
There by his love o'ershadowed, sweetly my soul shall rest."

Each of the family, father, mother and two brothers were called, and with tears and earnest entreaties she plead with them to meet with her in heaven.

Being now quite exhausted, she laid down for a few minutes and appeared to be in a calm sleep when suddenly starting up she said: "Sing another hymn, for I feel so happy, I must sing." A friend commenced singing "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." "No! No! not that!" she exclaimed.

ed. "Jesus is not passing by; he is in my room—in my soul. Sing

"Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled;  
Yes, a soul is rescued from her sinful way  
And is born a new—a ransomed child.  
Glory! Glory! how the angels sing.  
Glory! Glory! how the loud harps ring;  
'Tis the ransomed army like a mighty sea,  
Pealing forth the anthems of the free."

And on she talked, breathing forth words of rapturous joy and thanksgiving. After a while her mother said, "Are you not tired, my dear Mary?" "Oh, no!" she replied; "I am crossing the river, but the water is not deep. I can feel the bottom, and, like David, I can walk through the valley of the shadow of death. It is the way home to my Father's house above." A little while after she said to her mother, "Hark! mother; Hark! I hear singing. Oh, such singing! I see angels. They all have long white robes and golden crowns on their heads. Dear mother, this must be the valley of death. It seems dark and long, but I do not fear. Jesus is holding my hand, and I see a light at the other end, and angels with outstretched arms to receive me; and I shall have a harp, a golden crown, and Oh! won't I strike it loud when I reach the other side!"

The enemy was suffered to tempt and distress her for a little while, and when he was overcome, with a sweet smile she cried out:

"He is gone now; I only see Jesus!"

Her sight now began to fail, but she was conscious to the last. "Can you see me, Mary?" said her mother. "No," she replied, "I cannot see you, but I do see Jesus. I am nearly home now. Ah sing

"Who, who are these beside the chilly wave?  
Just on the borders of the silent grave,  
Shouting Jesus power to save.  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,  
Sweeping thro' the gates of the new Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

She joined in singing, and when it was over she said: "Mother, one more kiss." Shortly after she exclaimed, "Jesus! Jesus! My—precious—Jesus!" her last words—and in a few moments another soul had joined the innumerable company around the throne.—SEL.

## Religious Intelligence.

The Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly has advised the congregation to use unfermented wine in the Lord's Supper.

There is a falling off in the receipts of the American Board for the year just closed, of about \$26,000. The total income is \$464,373, of which \$98,404 came from legacies.

"A Young Men's Christian Association has recently been organized in Salt Lake City. No one with more than one wife can become a member." It certainly would not be a Christian association if otherwise.

The Trustees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church report that they hold in trust for various uses the sum of \$460,521.02. Mr. Jas. T. Young, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, is the Treasurer.

The evangelist, Dr. George F. Pentecost, who is not to be confounded with his brother, the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, the eloquent advocate of Henry George's theories, will begin his evangelistic services at Amesbury, Mass., October 1st, and will afterwards go to Augusta, Me., and Lawrence, Mass.

The *Congregationalist* says: "That the new Sunday law in Connecticut amounts to something and has already accomplished something nobody will deny. It is no slight thing to stop excursion trains and release, in great measure, 10,000 employees from work, or the liability to be called on to work, for railroad corporations on Sunday.

The immigration of Finns has been unusually large the past summer. They have settled in various places in New England, the West and the Northwest. A new Finnish church (Lutheran) was recently dedicated for these people in Ishpeming, Mich. At the dedicatory service selections of Scripture were read in Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, German, English and Syrio Chaldaic. The sermon was in English.

According to the Minutes of the Cumberland

Presbyterian Assembly, just out, says the *St. Louis Observer*, the record of this Church stands as follows: Ministers, 1,563; licentiates, 240; candidates, 247; congregations, 2,540; added during the year, 13,995; total membership, 145,146. Compared with last year this shows a gain of 16 ministers, 9 licentiates, 39 candidates and 6,582 members; and a loss of 6 congregations, while 361 less were added to the Church. The colored Church reports a gain of over fifteen per cent. in membership.

The Reformed Presbyterians, or Old Side Covenanters, in this country have 11 presbyteries, 119 congregations, 103 ministers, 10,832 members, and 12,102 attendants at the Sabbath-schools. Last year they contributed to Foreign Missions, \$14,735; Home Missions, \$2,607; Southern Missions, \$3,478; Chinese Missions, \$1,736; Theological Seminary, \$3,034; Education, \$15,839; Sustentation, \$2,380; Church Election, \$17,817; Pastor's salaries, \$83,000; miscellaneous, \$55,304; total, \$201,201. The increase in membership for the year over the previous year was 111.

The Iowa Synod of the United Presbyterian Church adopted resolutions approving the prohibitory liquor law.

There are some Sunday-school classes in Boston, composed chiefly of young people from wealthy and cultured families, whose teachers make it a condition of membership that each scholar shall choose some person in sickness or need, for whom he or she agrees to spend some part of the time each week. One young lady reads aloud to a poor boy confined by an accident in the hospital. Another is teaching a servant to read. Another makes garments for some poor children.

## Awful Death of a Victim.

In the State of New York a young woman, who enjoyed salvation by a true gospel experience, had a lady friend, who said she knew she should be saved, because the Bible said so, although she knew she was a sinner, and had a corrupt heart.

The one who had an experience was greatly perplexed by the testimony of this sister, who had an experience to tell, but relied on the Word as she had been taught. The former earnestly prayed for God to show her, whether this other sister was right, when she was so widely different from herself, having no proof that the other's heart had been cleansed from sin, but resting only in the merits of Christ as she had been taught.

At length the latter woman was taken sick, and and pronounced by her physician to be past hope of recovery.

Still she trusted the Word of God, as she said, believing her sins to have been borne on the cross eighteen centuries ago. She talked freely of her expectation to meet her friends in heaven.

The woman who had the experience watched anxiously to the last, to see if her friend held this faith to the end. She was astonished to see her so confident of heaven, yet confessing herself a sinner without any change of heart.

At length she sank away, apparently in death, but when all seemed over she suddenly revived and opened her eyes full of unutterable terror, crying: "I am lost! I am lost!" She turned with desperation to the preacher who stood by her bedside, and exclaimed: "You have deceived my soul with your lies! But for you I might have been saved. Now I am lost!" She turned to the other woman who watched her, and told her, she was right in securing salvation before it was too late.

They tried to persuade the dying woman still to seek a change of heart, but: "No," she said, "it is too late; I might have been saved, but I believed this lie that I was saved, and I am now lost."

I have given the substance of the narrative in as nearly the same words as I can remember, and I can produce the particulars, names, and place, if necessary.

Oh, no language can depict the horrible work that is being done by the popular evangelists all over the world, who teach men to believe the lie that they are saved, when they fail to have the witness of the Holy Spirit, and the inward experience of a moral change from a state of love to sin, to a state of true holiness of heart.—STUMBLING STONE.